

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—No. 1.

NEW YORK FROM THE SEA.

AS the steamer enters New York Bay from the sea, and sails between the villa-crowned shores of Staten and Long Islands, through that contracted passage known as the Narrows—the gate-way of our Western world, through which ceaselessly come and go the great ships and steamers, bearing flags of every nation, and connecting our waters with every sea—we observe on our left the massive battlements of Fort Richmond, or the water-battery of Fort Tompkins, at the lower verge of the Staten Island shore. Opposite, on Long Island shore, are similar formidable forts and batteries.

Passing amid these noble guardians of the entrance of our harbor, we see the great island-city of the Western hemisphere extending before our gaze. To the left is Bedloe's Island, a mere bank in the water, almost *made* for the convenience of the United States Government in the construction of a fort. Another island-fort, smaller and more insignificant, stands still farther toward the Jersey shore, and then well round the point of Governor's Island, stands old Fort Columbus, facing Castle Garden like a perpetual menace.

As we sail beyond the westerly point of Governor's Island, in our upward sweep to our North River pier, the entire splendor of the Empire City is spread before us like a dream. There are the crowd of sail upon the rivers, the puffing and busy tugs, the numerous ferry-boats, "the forest of

masts," the big ships, the mammoth steamboats, Trinity spire, looming up so nobly, the dome of the City Hall, the well-known Castle Garden, the crowded Brooklyn shores—all a brilliant and stirring panorama that few sights in the world can equal. At the extreme lower part of the island is

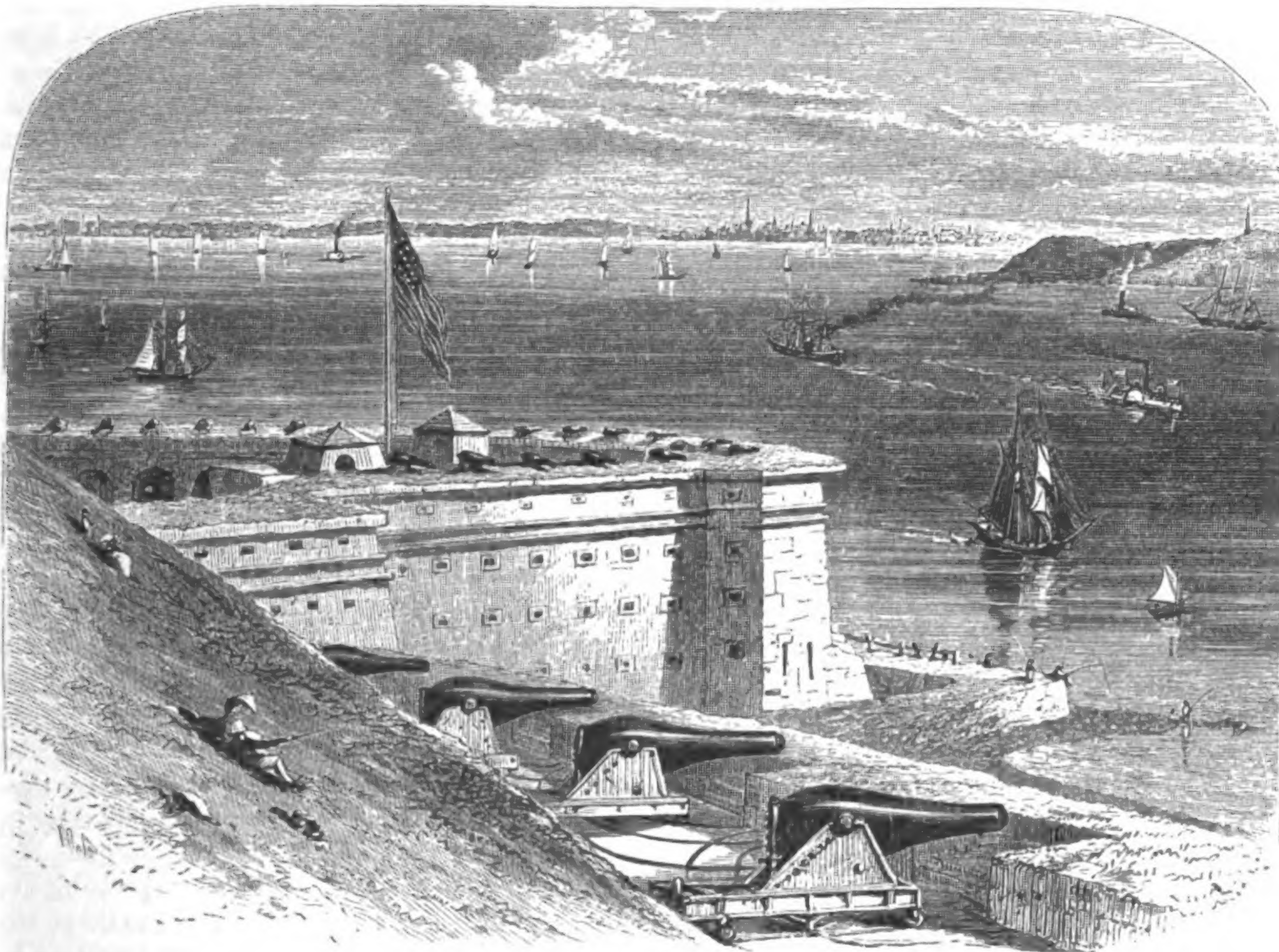
THE BATTERY.

Most striking monument of respectability and beauty run to wretchedness and squalor, that can be found in any but the oldest countries, the Battery exists to-day an example of the changes

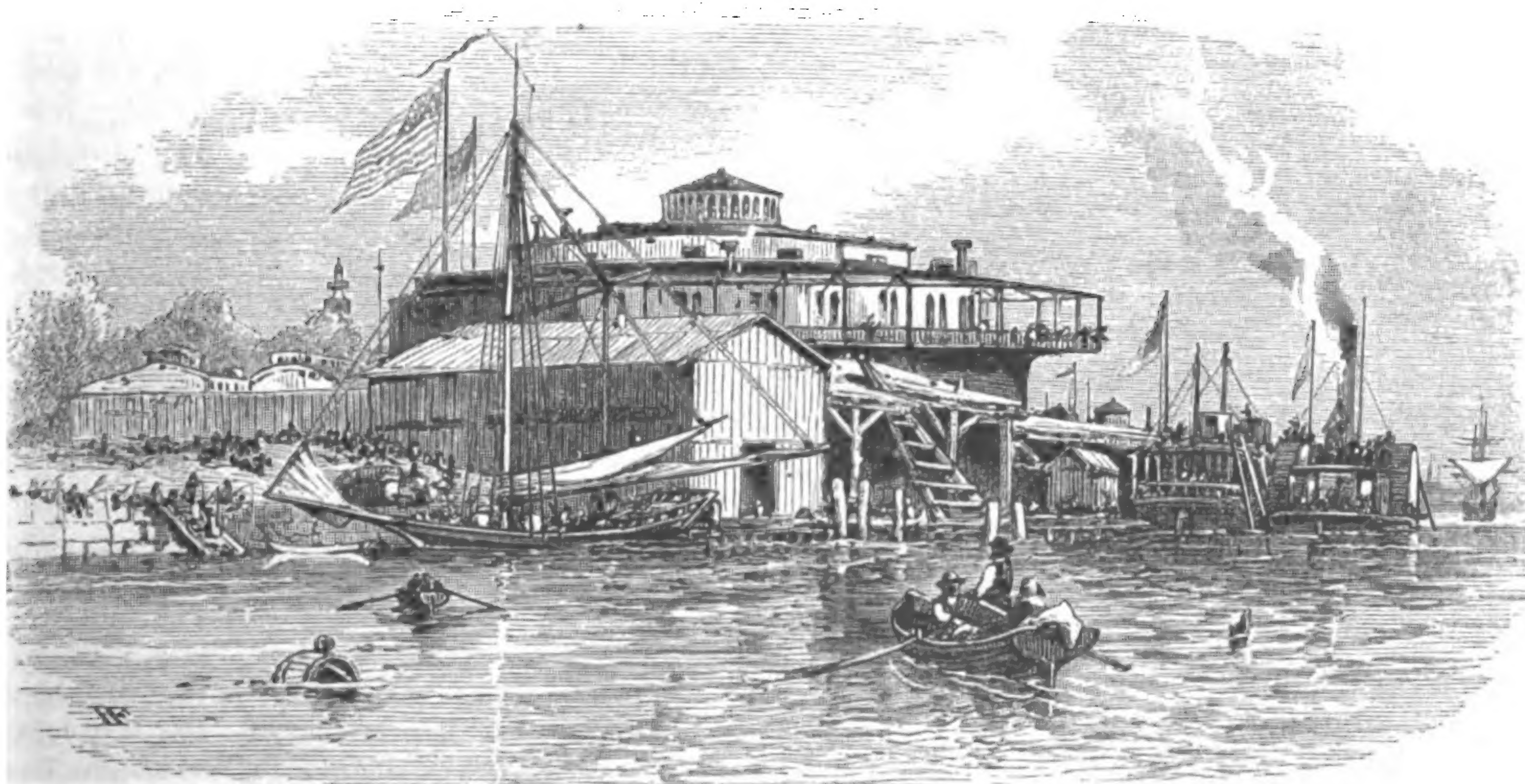
a few years will bring. Without going back to the old time, when it was a great grass-grown field, sprinkled with windmills and made homely with flocks and herds of pasturing sheep and cattle, men still in their prime can recollect it as the favorite promenade of the wealthiest and most fashionable class of the city. Hither came, on pleasant summer evenings, the fathers and mothers of the generation of to-day, for health, the fresh sea-breeze, flirtation, and enjoyment generally. They, in their unex-

panded thought, had more faith in it than their sons and daughters have in Central Park. They believed its plain stone wall and massive wooden railing were a monument of enterprise and engineering that could never be surpassed, and they were happy in their simple feeling, and content. Why, even fifteen years ago, there still remained an oasis of attraction for the votaries of art and fashion which may be

regarded as the last link connecting the tide that flowed up town with the extremity of the island. This link was Castle Garden. In its own name and that of the ground whereon it stood, it explained the military nature of its origin. In times when 20-inch Rodmans were unknown and a "long 32" was regarded as the noblest work of



New York from Fort Richmond.



View of Castle Garden and Battery from the Bay

artillerist genius, this unsightly old mass of circular masonry-work was the guardian sentinel upon Manhattan's bay-girt shores. After Castle Garden had smoothed its grim-visaged front of war and got rid of the iron bulldogs that grinned so menacingly from its embrasures, it went to the other extreme and gave itself up in a reckless manner

to the lascivious pleasing of the lute. In point of fact, it became a music-hall. Therein, after it had gone through divers minor vicissitudes, was triumphantly introduced to the American public the incomparable Jenny Lind. Therein Jullien, in November, 1853, gave us the first of his marvellous series of monster popular concerts. Even so late as the fall of 1854, Grisi and Mario and Susini made its ancient walls echo to their melodious strains, and, for the last time, brought, thronging by Bowling Green and the Washington Hotel, long lines of carriages of appreciative throngs of upper tenor. This was Castle Garden's closing glory. Within a few months it was transformed into an immigrant depot, and all its classic memories blotted out forever, except as they are held green in lingering memories. From this period forth the Battery degenerated with a velocity shocking to behold by citizens who had known it in its better days. It became a prey to the speculations of ruthless municipal officials and their friends, and rapidly sunk into the condition of a desolate and dissipated waste. A well-known public character obtained a contract to "fill in" the space between the old line of the Battery and the shoal just outside. He has been filling it for about twelve years, and the work seems as far from completion as ever. Instead of an addition to the space and beauty of the spot, it has been degraded to the level of a colossal dust-heap on one side and mouldering reminiscence of vegetation on the other. The

very trees have become infected with the demoralizing atmosphere of the place, and even those scarcely arrived at maturity show signs of speedy dissolution. The usefulness of the Castle Garden Emigrant Depot, as a means of shielding from extortion and violence the multitudes continually arriving here from

other countries, is the only redeeming feature of the place. That, at least, is an inestimable benefit to the most defenceless portion of the community.

TRINITY CHURCH.

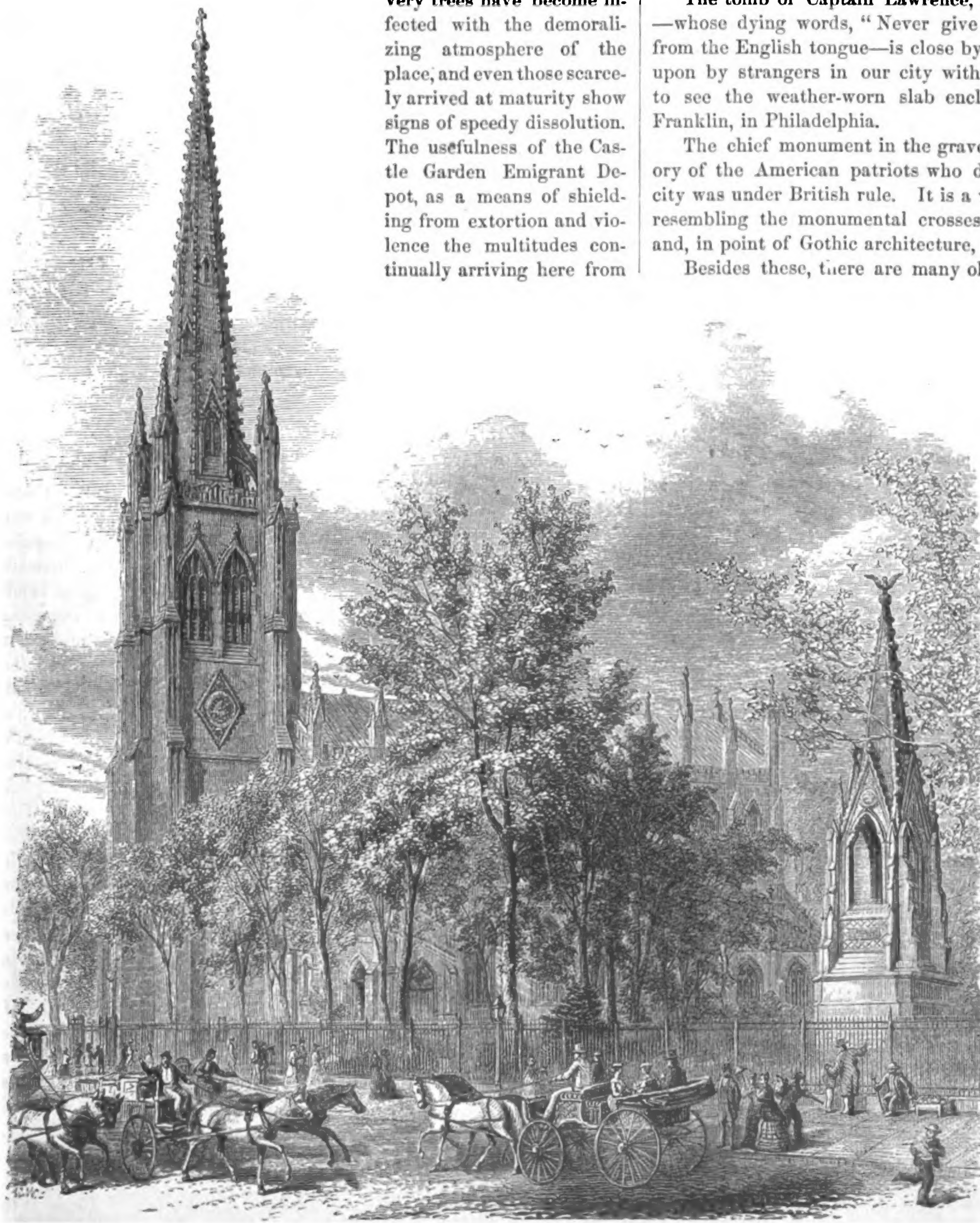
All New-Yorkers are proud of Trinity Church. The architecture is not the pure Gothic—so rarely attained—but the height of the steeple (two hundred and eighty-four feet), and its general architectural beauty and solidity redeem it from any slurs that may be thrown out by hypercritics. Moreover, there is hardly any thing pinchbeck in the entire structure. It is solid brown-stone, from foundation to spire, with the exception of the roof, which is wood. The walls of the church itself are fifty feet in height, and the whole edifice is generally recognized as one of the most elegant and cathedral-like on this continent. The graveyard of old Trinity occupies nearly two acres of ground (or it did so at one time), and within it are many venerated tombs.

Stop before this large but simple mausoleum. The winds and the rains of half a century have worn away a portion of the characters, and the thin moss which is generated from our eastern mists has cast its delicate greenness over the smooth marble; but, underneath, reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of George Washington, and the victim of the memorable and unfortunate duel with Aaron Burr.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence, the hero of the "Chesapeake"—whose dying words, "Never give up the ship," will never perish from the English tongue—is close by the main entrance. It is looked upon by strangers in our city with the same interest that they go to see the weather-worn slab enclosing the skeleton of Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The chief monument in the graveyard is that erected to the memory of the American patriots who died in British prisons while the city was under British rule. It is a very simple shaft of brown-stone, resembling the monumental crosses often found in European cities, and, in point of Gothic architecture, surpasses the church itself.

Besides these, there are many old gravestones, even within a few feet of Broadway, which are probably even more interesting to the strangers, gazing through that long line of iron railing, extending from Thames Street to Rector Street, on the west side of Broadway. Here, for instance, we have, in mouldering brown-stone lettering, the statement of the fact that "Susannah Gregory, the spouse of Jonas Gregory, died in the year 1787;" and, just beneath, despite the earth which the last rain has beaten up against the lettering, we make out (but very dimly) that the good-man Jonas followed his good-wife Susannah to the eternal rest, only two years afterward. "Thomas Wilkins, the infant son of Maria and Tobias Wilkins, aged one year three months," made a tombstone (almost illegible) for himself in 1765, when our fathers were toasting King George III. at their banquets, and before there was any idea of making a big teapot out of Boston Harbor. Next to this repose the last "mortal relics" of "George Van Krüser, slain while fighting in the War of Independence, in the year of our Lord 1781." Two lines of verse are under his name. Time has effaced them, but "George" probably sleeps as



Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.

soundly as if they glinted out brightly and broadly to every Broadway loungers who cares to pause and muse over these time-honored, time-stained monuments of the past.

The chimes of Old Trinity are surpassed by very few bells in the world. On all holidays the operator peals forth the most delightful music, his selections including patriotic as well as religious airs. The chimes are, indeed, considered so important that their programme for the next day is usually reported in the daily papers.

Trinity itself is the oldest church in the city. The first edifice was destroyed by fire in 1776, and was rebuilt in 1790. It was afterward (in 1839) pulled down. The present noble structure was finished and consecrated in 1846.

The view from the lookout in Trinity tower is the finest that can be afforded in the city of New York.

The view extends from the Highlands of New Jersey (and, in clear weather, from Sandy Hook), far up into the Palisades, and up among the picturesque islands that throng the throat of Long Island Sound. The perquisite received by the sexton is merely nominal, and no stranger should quit the metropolis without making this famous ascent.

In all the old churches of New York the plan of a collegiate charge was the rule. Trinity Church was considered the parish church, and, therefore, had a collegiate charge. St. John's, St. George's, and St. Paul's were considered "chapels" merely.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

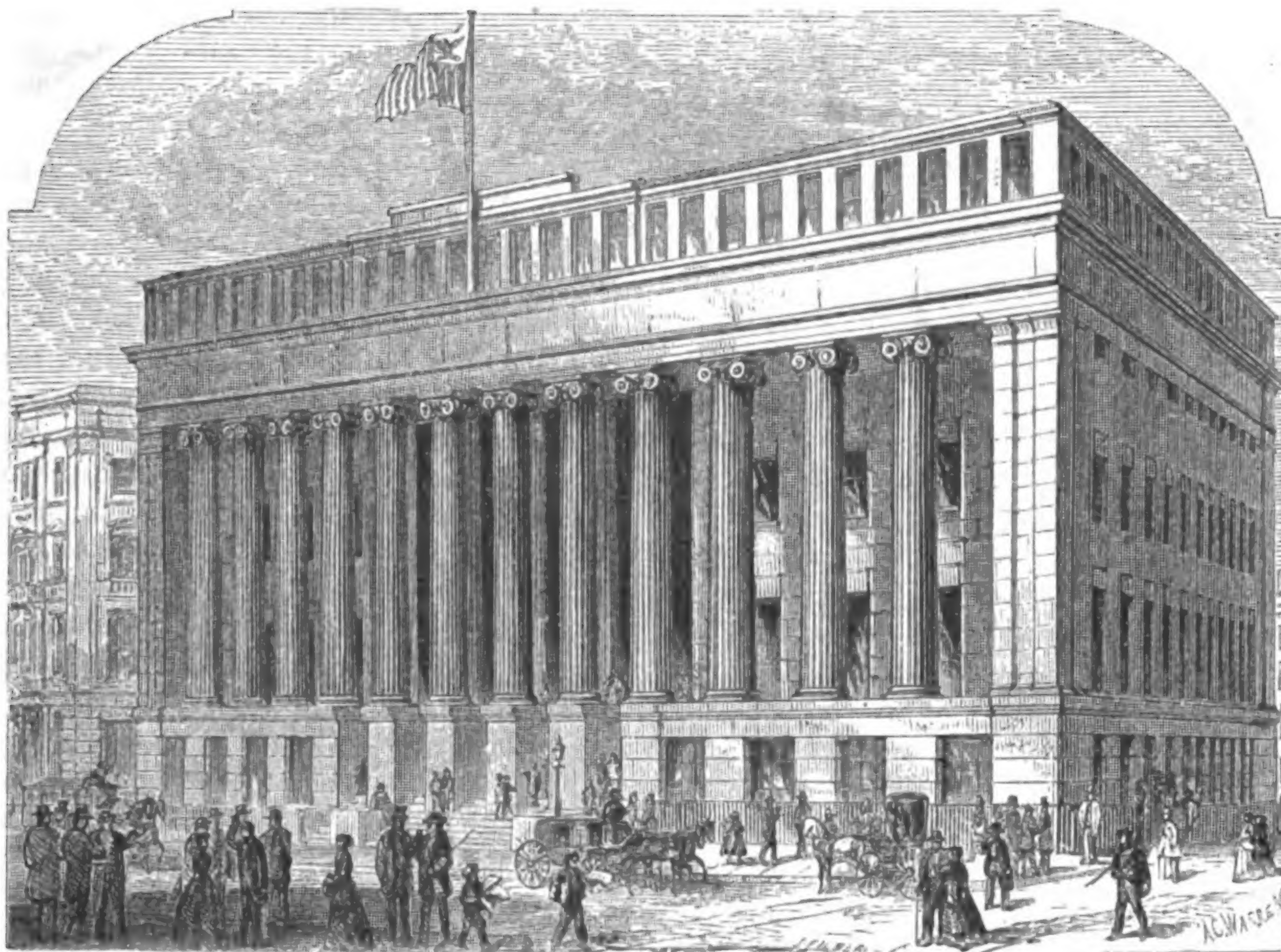
Once this building was known as the Merchants' Exchange. Then it was famous for the great granite plinths of the columns that supported the pediment of the front elevation. They should be as famous still. Massive cylindrical blocks such as these, fluted and otherwise cut from the most unyielding of stones, are a triumph of masonry.

This present Custom-House occupies the irregular square between Wall Street, Exchange Place, William Street, and Hanover Street. Scarcely any thing but stone was employed in its construction. Mr. Isaiah Rogers was the architect, to whom the city is indebted for this really splendid piece of architecture. It is splendid because of its insured stability; and yet, great as its dimensions are, it only cost about \$1,800,000. These dimensions are a depth of 200 feet, a frontage of

the central dome is 124 feet. Beneath this dome, in the interior of the building, is the Rotunda, around the sides of which are eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the superb Corinthian capitals of which were carved in Italy. They support the base of the dome, and are probably the largest and noblest marble columns in the country.

Here in this spacious and lofty apartment are gathered the principal officers of the Custom-House, and a busy crowd of merchants and clerks ceaselessly flows in and out of its ample doors. No building in our city is better worth a visit from strangers.

The fact that the original stockholders in the building, whereof this is the successor, lost every cent they had invested, has never interfered with the satisfaction felt by the present owners of stock in the concern at the profitable use they have made of the later shares they were fortunate enough to own.

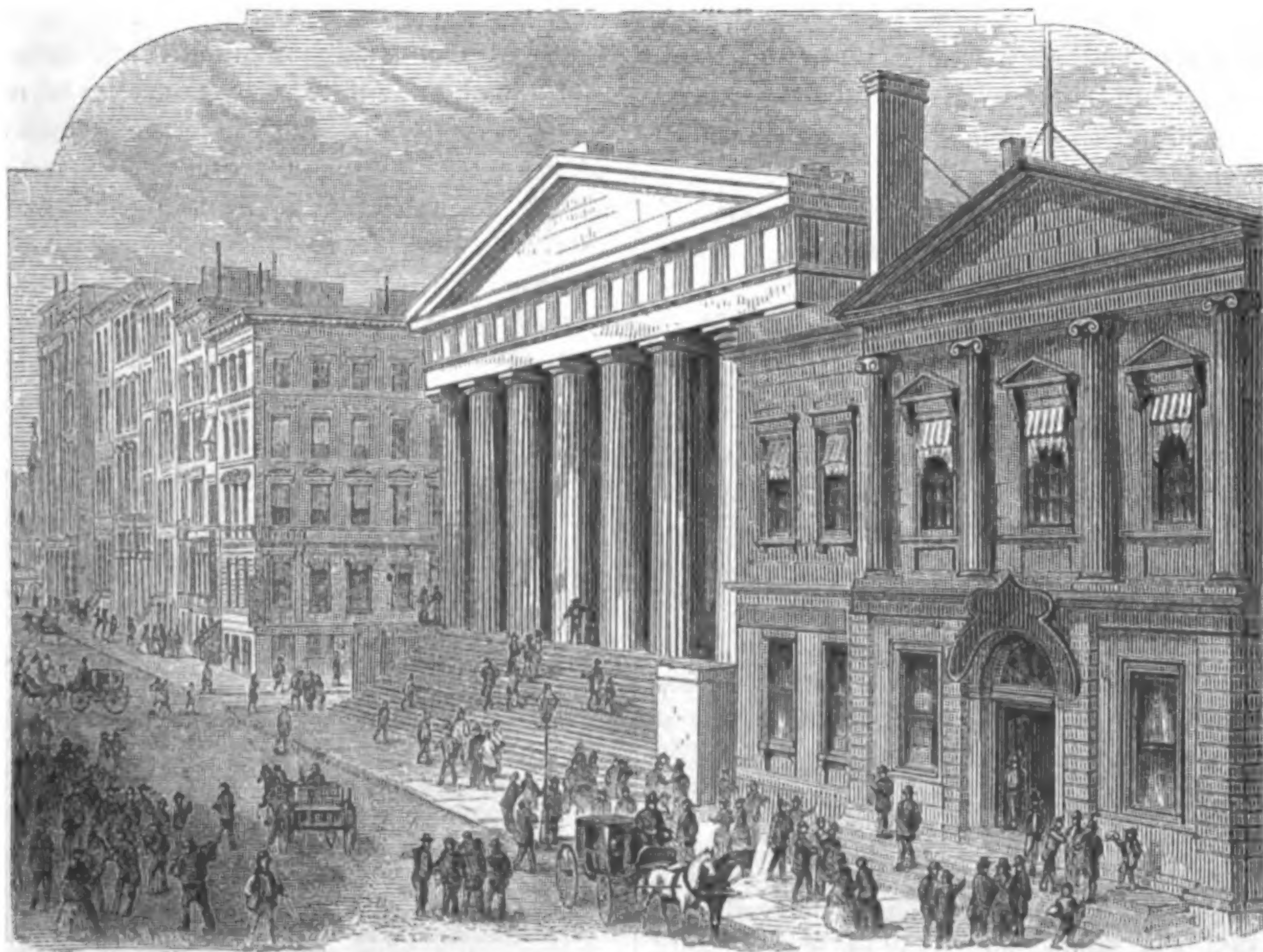


Custom-House.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY AND ASSAY OFFICE.

This white-marble building, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, was constructed for and long used as the Custom-House of the port of New York. The Custom-House has been removed to the more commodious quarters

afforded by the premises formerly known as the Merchants' Exchange, and Uncle Sam has located one of his chief financial offices here instead. The building is a handsome and imposing one, and would be a fine specimen of the Doric order of architecture, had it not been disfigured by unseemly accessories that mar the simplicity of the design. It is 200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 80 feet high. The main entrance on Wall Street is made by a flight of eighteen marble steps, while on Pine Street, in the rear, the acclivity of the ground brings the entrance almost on a

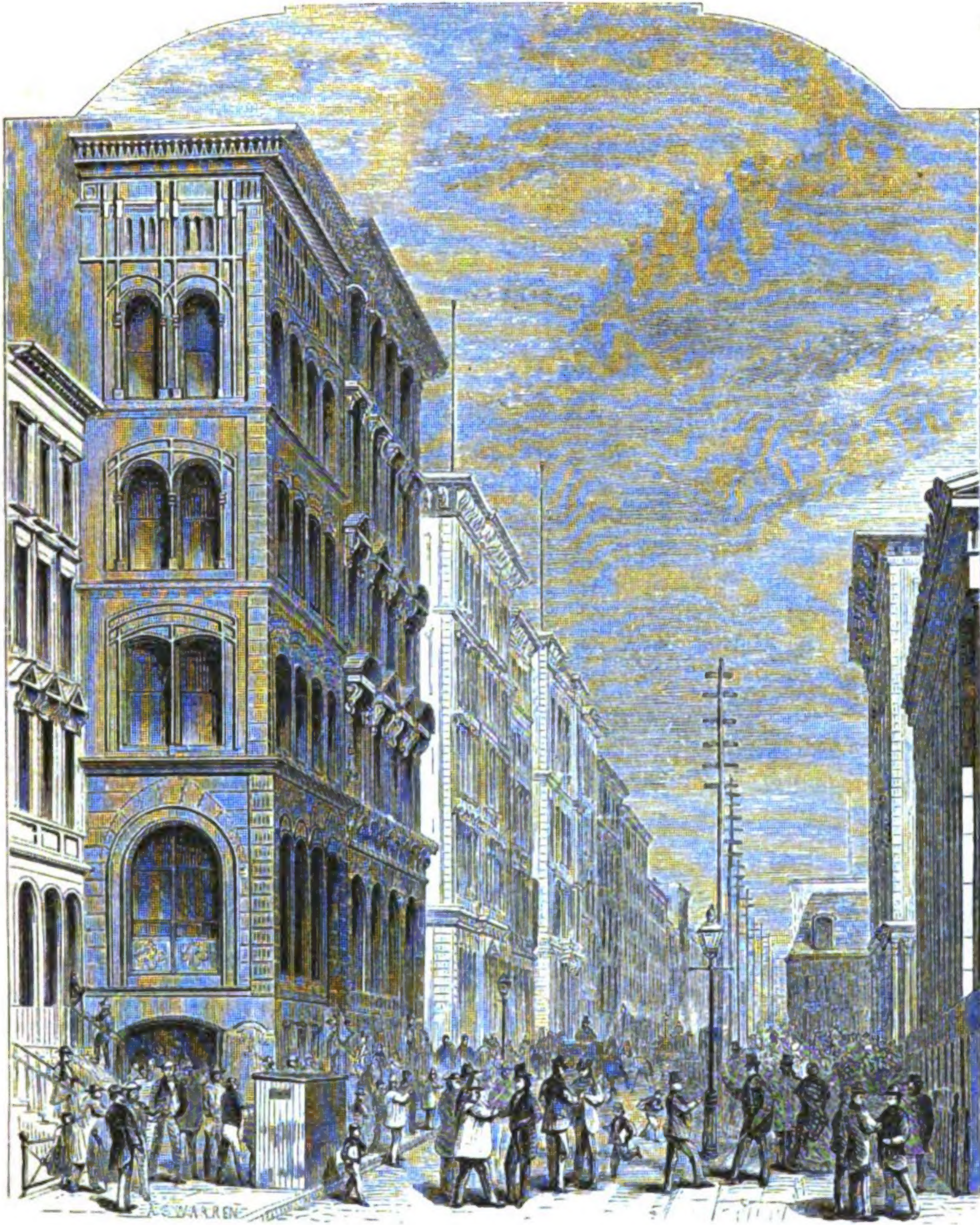


Treasury Building, and Wall Street looking West.

level with the street. The old Federal Hall used to stand on this same site, and the spot is rendered classic from its being that whereon Washington delivered his inaugural address.

NASSAU STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM WALL.

A wonderfully busy street—a street noisy and full of life, as it is narrow and destitute of facilities for the incessant stream of traffic



Nassau Street, North from Wall Street.

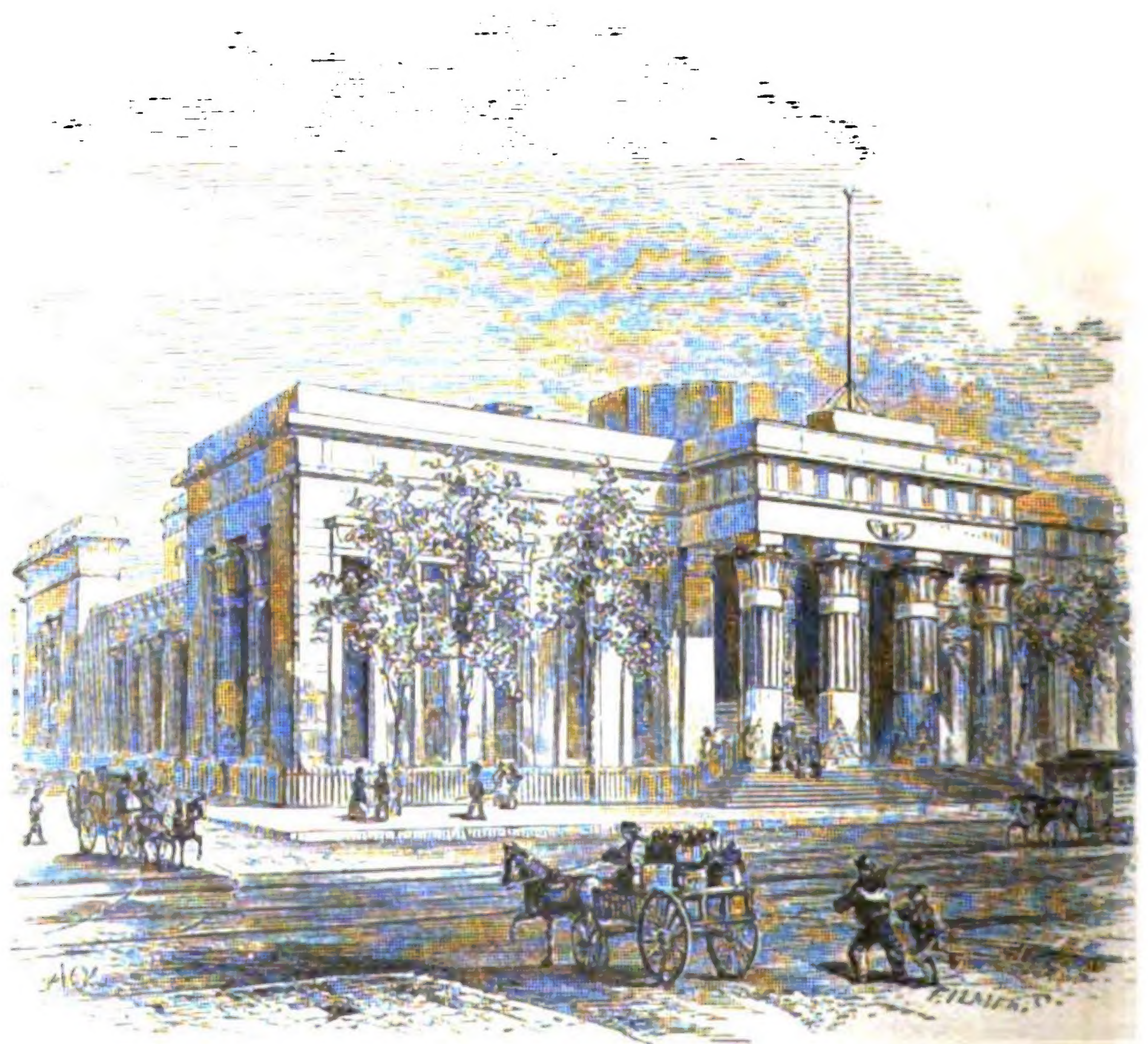
most. The Nicolson pavement is, with all its faults, an immense improvement on the noisy Belgian and other experiments that have been tried here. It affords peace and quiet to the money-changers in such temples of finance as those of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Duncan & Sherman, the Bank of Commerce, and others that line each side of the thoroughfare. The view is virtually closed by the Post-office, and of that it is better not to give any description.

THE TOMBS.

It has not been recorded who first gave the City Prison and Criminal Court-House its expressive name; but infractors of the laws, who are sent to stay there are, undoubtedly, for the term of their confinement, virtually buried. They are dead to the world, so long as they remain there; and is there not, cast over them all, the shadow of that hideous emblem of the grim destroyer—the gallows? Those who have never visited the various departments of the Tombs, can have but a faint idea of the depravity of human nature, or the wonderful process of “case-hardening” through which a statistical average of the community seem to inevitably go. Of course, there are always prisoners within its fastnesses who command a share of sympathy; some of whom are really innocent and have no business there at all, and others under sentence for a first offence—but the majority are more wicked than the reputable orders of society can well imagine, and really seldom meet with one tithe of the punishment they deserve. Every one who has seen the Tombs knows what a parody upon a Memphian or Theban temple it appears. The waste of space in its construction is a marvel of misdirected architectural skill; yet there is a certain individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character that commands attention; while the elevation on Centre Street, with its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court,

where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon the bench to hear what charges may be brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. Two justices are supposed to sit together there, and they have to deal with such matters as petty larceny, assault and battery, and certain forms of common misdemeanor. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they strive to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well. As a general thing, experience has rendered them amazingly successful in this endeavor. They have known the dangerous classes so long and intimately, as to enable them, except when influenced by political interest, to be eminently discerning and impartial. A great many culprits go from this court to the cells in the interior of the Tombs. More, however, come there from the Court of General Sessions and the criminal side of the higher courts. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind, though many improvements might be made in the accommodations, especially in the matter of ventilation. The lack of room necessitates the crowding of prisoners together, a practice which does not work favorably on the morals of the less vicious. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life worse than death in the State prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more, used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs

the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution. Except at the moment when that penalty is enforced, there is nothing impressive or remarkable in its appearance. Still, any one, acquainted with the associations belonging to its sombre monotony of gray stone walls and narrow gratings, feels a vague, disagreeable sense of awe as he hears his own footsteps echo in hollow reverberation from its corners.



The Tombs.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Equitable Company, judging from the character of its new building, evidently intends to last for several centuries. It may be said safely, and without invidiousness, that there is no other structure in New York so solid and substantial. The architectural design is not entirely pure, but is useful and effective. Doric is the pattern of the lower stories, composite of those immediately above, and the upper part is finished in the *renaissance* or *Mansard* roof style. What is lacking in correctness is made up in picturesque boldness of scenic outline, and few edifices on Broadway will be apt to attract more attention. The entire building has a frontage of 87 feet on Broadway, is 187 feet deep on Cedar Street, and will be 137 feet high.

HERALD BUILDING, ETC., BROADWAY.

The unfortunate Loew Bridge, which name was given to the unsightly structure that not long ago spanned Broadway at the intersection of Fulton Street, although considered a nuisance, afforded strangers an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the world, which cannot be obtained again for some years to come. It was generally shunned by citizens themselves, who would rather brave the perils of the roaring street, in among the wheels and horses' legs, than make its steep and laborious ascent, but the view from above was one well worth taking. Looking down Batteryward, there were to be seen the magnificent rows of elegant buildings stretching on either side of the way from the lower side of Fulton Street to Bowling Green, whose ancient fountain (we may call it so in this country) is just seen peeping up above the decline of the grand artery as it sweeps down to the Battery, with one current to the right, and closing at the old "Washington Headquarters," whose uppermost white story just glimmers above the hill; and the other side of the tide sweeping toward South Ferry, with a hundred stages and a dozen express-wagons navigating the difficult passages of the street.

Turn to the other side of the departed bridge, and the scene is



Corner Cedar Street and Broadway.

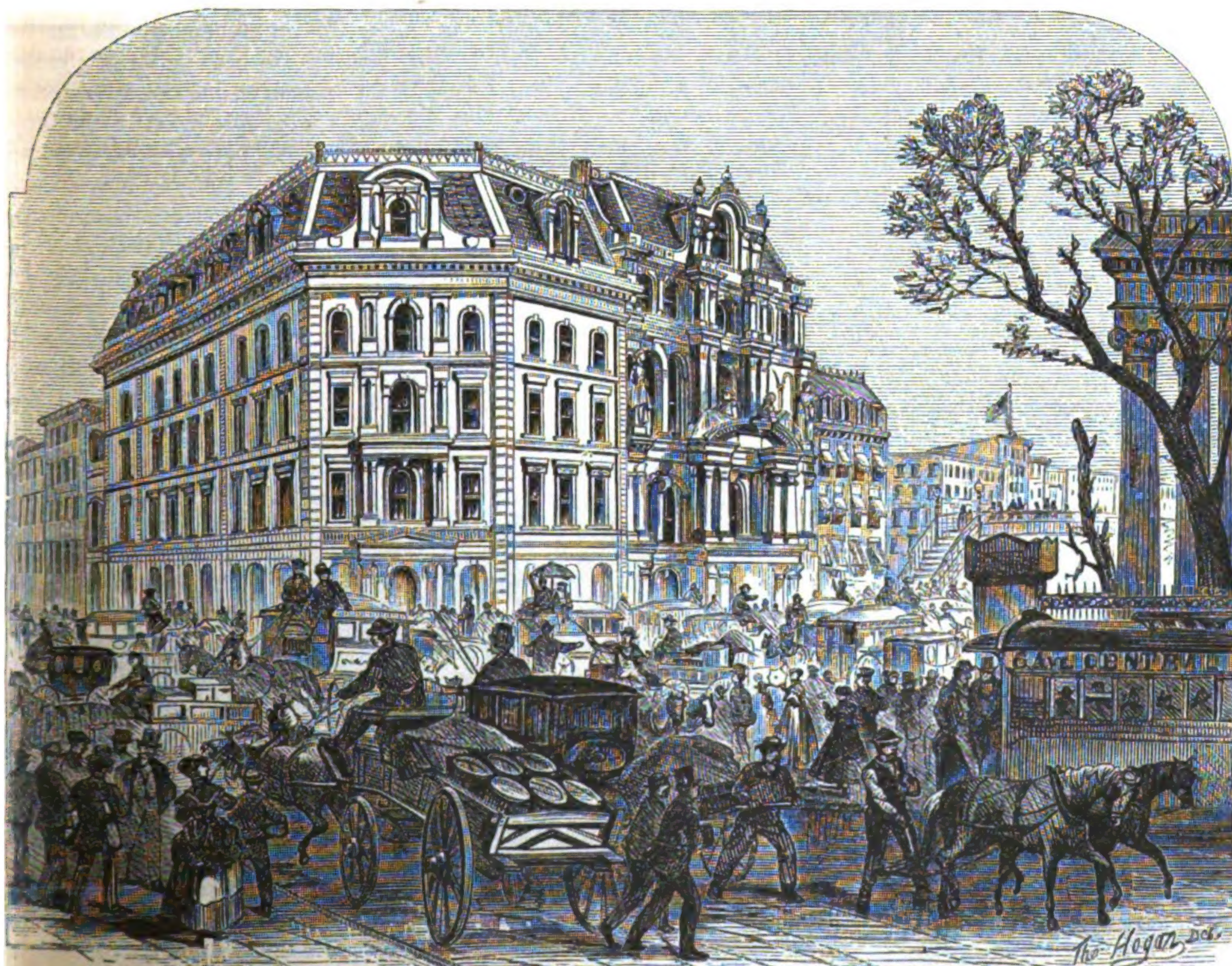
even more diversified and tumultuous. On the left is old St. Paul's, with its graveyard containing tombstones bearing dates as old as those in the grounds of Old Trinity, farther down; and on the right the *Herald* Building, and the splendid structure recently erected by the Park Bank.

The incidents connected with the erection of the former building are well known and interesting. The inception of the new *Herald* Building was coincident with the destruction, by fire, of Barnum's famous Museum in the summer of 1865. It created great excitement at the time. According to the imaginative reports of the daily press—especially the one proceeding from the *Tribune*—the stuffed wild beasts, dried alligators, preserved whales, and other inert specimens of natural history, were made to play a most extraordinary part for the amusement of the readers of the land, and, in some cases, we are

sorry to state, for their deception. The result was the purchase of the ground by Mr. Bennett from Mr. Barnum, in which occurred a singular misunderstanding between the parties, leading to an estrangement which afterward provoked the famous rupture between the proprietor of the *Herald* and the theatrical managers, now happily terminated.

The Park Bank—the next building southward—is one of the most showy, if not the finest in an architectural point of view, in the city of New York. It has been erected at an immense expense, and is one of the most attractive features of Broadway. At all times crowds of people pause by the railing of St. Paul's, to stare up at its elaborate and massive marble front, its colossal figures, and its columns and pediments. It is likely for a long time to rank as an architectural boast of the metropolis.

The Astor House on the



also of interest. In addition to its being one of the first-class hotels of the city, it has long been the favorite resort of army and navy men. Grant, Hooker, Farragut, Porter, and many of the rest who have recently placed their names high upon the muster-roll of fame, were wont to make this their favorite hotel when visiting the metropolis; and, it formerly was the scene of more distinguished "receptions" and entertainments than any other establishment of the kind in New York.

Our artist, in the scene delineated, has chosen probably the most animated portion of Broadway. The new *Herald* and Park Bank buildings as central objects; St. Paul's, in dark relief, to the right; the multitude of vehicles jostling their crowded way up and down the street; the wayfarers eagerly waiting for their opportunity to pass, without peril, through the press—the picture will be readily recognized and appreciated.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ST. NICHOLAS.

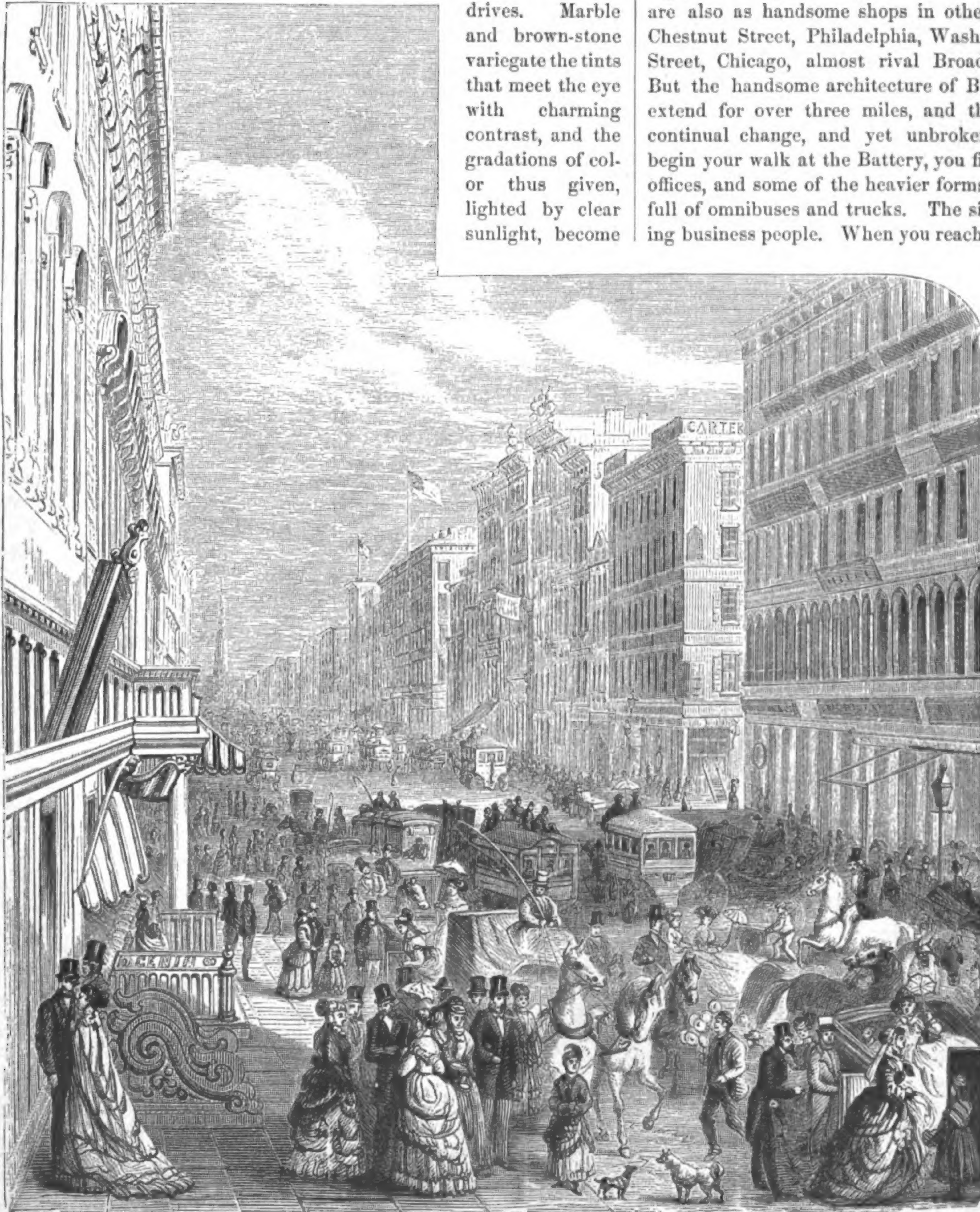
The vista is a long, and, in its way, a strikingly picturesque one. Taking the splendid façade of the St. Nicholas Hotel itself as a starting-point, the eye gathers in on either side a range of business palaces that are not equalled for display in any other city of the world. The tall and graceful spire of Grace Church closes the view, for, at that point, Broadway makes the bend due north which leads it

to the Harlem drives. Marble and brown-stone variegates the tints that meet the eye with charming contrast, and the gradations of color thus given, lighted by clear sunlight, become

an actual presentment of effects for which the imagination of the artist might dream in vain. The actuality of incessant bustle, and even some idea of the accompanying buzz and roar, are conveyed in the picture of the scene herewith presented. The tide of stage and hack traffic; the episodal gleams of brilliant private equipages; the gay throngs of promenaders—all appear as if fresh from a sketch of one who could be both close and comprehensive in an effort at conscientious observation. A walk on Broadway has always been a perennial pleasure to the men and women of New York, and a great delight to strangers. It is related that Charles Dickens, when he first visited this country, would spend hours at his window at the hotel, watching the ever-changing tide of equipages and pedestrians. Thackeray, when here, also keenly appreciated the stir and bustle of this brilliant promenade, and was never tired of walking its pavements, and watching, with his keen, searching eye the ceaseless procession of human faces. He always pronounced it the finest street in the world. "Let us walk down Fleet Street, sir," old Dr. Johnson was wont to say, when seeking relaxation from his literary labors, or an escape from his melancholy. How the old city-loving Doctor, with his fondness for busy highways, and his hatred of the solitudes of the country, would have delighted in such a street as Broadway! To a man of his temperament, it would afford an endless means of pleasure.

There are other streets in New York that have as fine buildings, and in general symmetry of effect are even handsomer. There are also as handsome shops in other cities. For short distances, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Washington Street, Boston, and Lake Street, Chicago, almost rival Broadway in animation and gayety. But the handsome architecture of Broadway, and its bustle and life, extend for over three miles, and this is its superiority. There is continual change, and yet unbroken continuity of effect. If you begin your walk at the Battery, you first find shipping-offices, express-offices, and some of the heavier forms of merchandise. The street is full of omnibuses and trucks. The sidewalks are crowded with hurrying business people. When you reach above Wall Street, you enter the

domain of the banks, the insurance-offices, and the lawyers. Architecturally this is probably the handsomest part of the street. Above the Park you enter among the jobbers, and find the street lined with their stately warehouses. So far you have seen no mere promenaders, only a rushing crowd of people intent on business, with here and there a woman. As you cross Canal Street you come among the retailers, with their gay shop-windows, and the big hotels, the theatres, and an infinite variety of indescribabilities; and now there is more elegance on the sidewalks. Well-dressed idlers begin to abound. Ladies are more frequent, and their handsome toilets give relief to the tide of dark-coated men. As you ascend, the shops get handsomer; and, by the time you reach Tenth Street, you find an utter change in all the aspects of the street. This point is the ladies' shopping-ground. Carriages are in possession of the roadway, and throngs of women in elegant costumes flock in and out of the shops. The scene is one of the brightest and gayest conceivable.



Broadway, looking North from the St Nicholas.

FIFTH AVENUE.

Still the handsomest street in New York, though of late years losing its tone to some extent, Fifth Avenue must be cherished by native denizens, and presented to strangers as the best thing our opulence

and taste have yet been able to achieve in the line of continuously impressive architectural display. On many other streets — not mentioning Broadway — there are more elegant buildings and even more imposing private residences; but the *ensemble* of Fifth Avenue is still unrivalled. Commencing at Washington Square, its luxury and splendor have extended nearly to Central Park, until what was thought a one-mile marvel of experiment in 1854, has become a miracle of accomplishment in half a generation later. While exclusive circles have chosen more retired locations wherein to erect palatial places of abode, Fifth Avenue has consistently

represented the rage for lavish expenditure which characterizes the newly-rich, while with this class still remains mingled a considerable leaven of those who give the uppermost stratum of "society" its laws. To describe in detail the many splendid mansions that line either side of it would be to destroy the general effect and pleasure of a first im-

pression with those who have never travelled through its long extent of scarcely interrupted magnificence. It has become a type of the promiscuous shades of social quality which somehow inevitably come together — often in a manner most incongruous — in a great city like the metropolis. It has been invaded between Twelfth and Twenty-third Streets by the aggressive influences of trade. First-class stores have been constructed out of brown-stone

palaces, and dry goods, millinery, tailoring, restaurants, and music-stores are beginning to intrude upon the precincts once sacred to aristocracy and exclusiveness. There have been incursions, too, from less reputable hordes of outside barbarians. Where merchants

men nightly fight with ivory chips has made his lair. Faro flourishes and keno reigns supreme where fireside felicity once shed a homely lustre. And even worse than this; but that is bad enough for mention here. On one plebeian corner of the avenue, for a long time there persistently existed a painter's shop, which seemed to

scorn all temptations looking to removal. Counterbalancing, however, what is evil of these intrusions, are a number of the most attractive sacred edifices in the city. Mostly built of brown-stone in cosy, half Gothic or Elizabethan style, with shaven lawns around and bowered by the most luxurious of foliage, these places of worship are really charming in appearance. But the special beauty of Fifth Avenue is its spacious sidewalks in the fashionable season, especially on a Sunday morning that's bright and sunny. The time will be immediately subsequent to morning service. The scene may be scarcely appropriate, following so soon upon the re-

ligious exercises that have preceded it, but it is very fascinating in its freaks of worldly frivolity. What of loveliness and brilliancy in female face and form and frippery of dress that passes for two hours in a kaleidoscopic panorama, could not help but dazzle the most stoical of spectators. Nothing to compare with it can be seen elsewhere, at

any time, in any part of the world. There is another phase of life on the upper end of the avenue, which has an equal fascination for a large class of people. This is the display of splendid equipages which congregate there on the road to Central Park. All that luxury and wealth, directed by good judgment, can procure in the way of first-class horse-flesh, and a superb variety of carriages, throng briskly or sedately onward, as the fancy

dictates, and form a different panorama as matchless in its way as that upon the sidewalks lower down. Of all the splendid buildings on Fifth Avenue, none will probably ever be so famous as the marble palace for Mr. A. T. Stewart, just completed at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street. This will



Fifth Avenue, at Corner of Twenty-first Street.



Mr. A. T. Stewart's Residence, Corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

and luxurious private residence on the continent. Even in its present unfinished state, words are almost inadequate to describe the beauty and unique grandeur of some of the details of its construction. Mr. Stewart hopes to have it ready for occupation by next fall. Before he enters it as a tenant it will have cost him nearly three millions of dollars.

The marble-work, which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of this palatial abode, receives its entire shape and finish in the basement and first floor of the building. The fluted columns (purely Corinthian, and with capitals elaborately and delicately carved), which are the most striking feature of the main hall, are alone worth between three thousand five hundred and four thousand dollars. On the right of this noble passage, as you proceed north from the side entrance, are the reception and drawing rooms, and the breakfast and dining rooms, all with marble finish, and with open doors, affording space for as splendid a promenade, or ball, as could be furnished, probably, by any private residence in Europe.

To the left of the grand hall are the marble staircase and the picture-gallery—the latter about seventy-two by thirty-six feet, lofty and elegant, and singularly well designed. The sleeping-apartments above are executed upon a scale equally luxurious and regardless of expense. Externally, the building must ever remain a monument of the splendor which, as far as opulence is concerned, places some of our merchants on a footing almost with royalty itself, and a glance at the interior will be a privilege eagerly sought by the visiting stranger.

Fifth Avenue, beginning at Washington Park on Waverley Place,

terminates somewhere in the wilderness at the upper end of the island. At Fifty-ninth Street is the lower end of the Central Park, this avenue forming the eastern boundary of that famous pleasure-ground. From Waverley Place to Fifty-ninth Street is a stretch of two miles and a half, the entire length of which, with the exception of a few squares, just below the Park, is one uninterrupted succession of costly and imposing mansions. All the streets that cross it are known by numerals. The squares each side of the avenue, for its entire length, partake of the exclusive character of the Avenue itself, affording a space over two miles long and about a third of a mile wide, in which elegance and wealth reign almost supreme. There are many noble residences elsewhere in the city, but we nowhere find so extensive and unbroken a phalanx of brown-stone supremacy.

The Avenue, excepting when filled with promenaders, is almost solemn with its massive wealth. But we must peep within the palaces if we would comprehend the full extent of their splendor. Their lavish adornment is a marvel even to travelled eyes. It is known that bronzes, pictures, vases, rare and costly furniture, and articles of *artu* generally, have one of their best markets in New York. Through the plate-glass windows the promenader may occasionally catch a glimpse of the interior elegance—flowers, vases, gilded furniture, pictures, frescoed walls, and rich upholstery. Above Fifty-ninth Street, the Avenue is, so far, very little built upon; but the lots are held at extravagantly high prices, and it cannot be doubted that ere long all this portion of the street, overlooking Central Park, will be built up with a succession of elegant villas and mansions.



Fifth Avenue on a Sunday Morning.